

Modesty.

And what is modesty?
It is holding back, while Hal and Jack
Their ready hands reach out and seize the pie,
The longed-for cake, the very last meringue,
And leave an empty plate. It is to stand
In cars propelled by steam, or equine drawn,
Both hands and feet tight braided, and tugging
strap.
While others sit at ease; nor never ask,
Kind sir or madam, please will you move up
In space sufficient for your body's need,
And leave the rest for me? It is to stand
By window where the crowd, the cheeky crowd,
Press eager on in calm, relentless surge,
And seatings choose yourself had fixed upon.
It is to be doomed ever to back seat,
The cold, unfeeling wall, eye, to pressed.
To take without complaint all others' mud,
Their dirt and dust. This, this is modesty.

A Cow's Complaints.

A sympathetic lady writes to a daily journal under the bovine name of 'Sukey' a plea for the gentle creatures which supply our milk and cream. She thus makes the cow exclaim: 'I am only a cow, but cows have their feelings as well as other folks; and a good deal more than some. The fact is, we are especially affectionate creatures, as any one who takes the trouble to observe our ways will notice. Haven't you seen us stand close together in the pasture, lying down side by side, and licking each other by the half-hour? Why, I knew a cow in our neighborhood that had an intimate friend, and when that friend was sold away from her, she pined, her milk failed, and she nearly died of grief. And just so it is with our calves. I don't say that, when we lose them young, we remember them so very long, but the pain is strong while it lasts, and what I say is, that our masters ought to make our trouble as light as they conveniently can. Now I name no names, but I do say it is pretty hard for a mother to be started off when her calf is just one week old, and to see the poor little feeble thing driven twelve to fifteen miles, and when from exhaustion it lies right down in the road, to see it goaded up and made to travel on with its weak legs all shaking, and all the while the mother's milk dropping down on the ground from her almost-bursting udder, and the poor baby's nose and mouth bound up so that it can't get a drop, only sucks up the dust from the road. I was treated so myself once, and when we reached the yards my calf was nearly dead, and I was nearly wild. And then that strange practice of murdering our calves by bleeding. I have seen that done too, to a child of my own. Three times they bled that small creature before it died; each time when it had bled till it sank swooning on the straw, they let it lie until strength enough came back for it to get up, and then they bled it again. And all to make the meat white enough to suit a fastidious public. To be sure I don't know much, being only a cow; but one thing I do know, it's no use for ladies to cry 'How brutal these butchers are!' and next time they go to market say to the butcher, 'Oh, I won't buy such red-looking veal as that, I must have white veal!' It is you, gentlemen, who are brutal; it is you, ladies, who are cruel, and not the man who is forced to please you or lose his daily bread.'

No Homes in a Great City.

A New York paper commenting on the annual May moving so general in cities, where people cannot afford to own a house, admits that city life is not the best life for children and young people. Under the conditions of society as it is now constituted in a great city, home is practically abolished. There is an end of the privacy and sweet domesticity of the family. One of the very first requisites of a home which shall exert a lasting and wholesome influence upon the unfolding minds of children is permanence. To those of our readers who have been so fortunate as to have been born in a real 'home,' the meaning of that delightful word has a deeper significance than the children of nomadic parents can possibly comprehend. Most of the men who occupy the leading places in the multifarious activities of life in this city are country-bred. Their home memories are fixed, and as distinct as a picture hung before the eyes. What sort of a home for a child is that whose reminiscences in after-years will be a confused panorama of 'moving day,' with its sordid miseries, of innumerable houses dwelt in for a year or two, of apartments in one huge caravansary which were so much like the apartments in another human hive that the memory is puzzled to distinguish them, and of household gods which were set up one day to be huddled away on the next?

What the Norristown Man Thinks.

A German scientist has been investigating the matter statistically and finds that in the majority of cases the long livers have indulged in late hours.—*Ec.* Why a person who is blessed with a long liver should permit it to keep late hours, is a problem in physiology that we can't understand. And besides how does he know whether his liver is long or short? Anyhow, long or short, it is a bad habit for a liver to be meandering out at night, keeping late hours, and its owner should not encourage it in such doings. He should look it out some night and let it snooze on the front stoop until morning. This would each it a wholesome lesson.

The sight of a man wheeling a baby carriage in the street is a sign not that baby is weak, but that the man's wife is strong. And yet, if we were to judge from the amiable grin with which the fond father, under those circumstances, salutes every passing acquaintance, we might erroneously suppose that he was really doing it just for the fun of the thing.

For the Ladies.

White beads are much used for embroidery.
White muslin neck-ties for ladies are fashionable.
Some feminine hats are trimmed with the old changeable silks.
Pretty batiste ties, in pale pink and blue, are broided on the ends.
Parisienne are wearing cashmere shawls as scarfs, with brooches.
Violets and yellow crocuses make a pretty combination on a bonnet.
Natural flowers have entirely superseded artificial ones for dressing the hair.
Cream white bunting will be used for simple evening dresses to be worn at watering places and for morning wrappers.
Garden hats of Italian straw are not trimmed at all, but worked around the crown with wreaths in Berlin wool or crows.

The high directoire coat collar forms an especial feature of many of the new spring costumes. It is generally lined with satin, and has a rolling collar beneath and a wide flap front.
The newest lace introduced into the more expensive ties is English point, which was worn by the Princess of Wales at the Duke of Connaught's wedding, and which English ladies make for their own amusement.
The Tyrolean designs for stockings are exceedingly pretty and coquettish as well as new. The upper part is of the brightest crimson; the lower part black, with a broad dash of crimson on either side, interlaced across with a simulated narrow ribbon. In strong contrast to this style, the upper part of the stocking is black and the lower part crimson, and on other styles the simulated interlacing is on the instep.
The fashion of open corsages without sleeves will become general in the summer. These corsages will be completed by white chemisettes with sleeves to match. For dressy toilettes these chemisettes will be made of silk grenadine of a shade to match that of the dress, while for ordinary and serviceable dresses the chemisette and sleeves will be of foulard of solid color to match the dress.
Harper's *Bazar*, describing a number of new designs for dresses, says a handsome walking costume for the street is composed of gendarme blue mousseline de laine, trimmed with silk and satin stripes of the same shade. The round skirt has a border flounce of the wool. The overskirt is cut out in squares bound with satin. A regular panier puff is set on the back, while the breadths below it are draped by a loose plait. The paletot has square corners to the long front, and is sloped short behind to let the panier puff escape. Large collar and cuffs of the striped satin. Straw hat of natural color, with gendarme satin and long plume for trimming.

Reasoning Among Animals.

A small English terrier belonging to a friend has been taught to ring for the servant. To test if the dog knew why it rang the bell, it was told to do so while the girl was in the room. The little fellow looked up in the most intelligent manner at the person giving the order (his master or mistress, I forget which), then at the servant, and refused to obey, although the order was repeated more than once. The servant left the room, and a few minutes afterward the dog rang the bell immediately on being told to do so. I give the following as told by my wife, now dead, who personally witnessed the transaction on various occasions. At her sister's house in Kent a donkey, which, when not employed by the children, grazed in a field with some cows, was in the regular habit of acting as follows: At the usual hour for the cows to come home to be milked the donkey lifted the latch of the field gate, opened and held back the gate (which would otherwise have swung close again), till all the cows passed out, then allowed the gate to shut, and went home with the cows. Of course no one taught the donkey to do this, but the quadruped gave the biped a practical lesson, from which I am not aware that they drew the abstract verbally formulated conclusion that reason may be exercised without rhetoric.—*Nature.*

Alexander H. Stevens in the House.

Mr. Alexander H. Stevens, of Georgia, is one of the most interesting figures on the floor of the House. He sits in a wheeled-chair in the area, right in front of the speaker, a shadowy semblance of a man, with his legs crossed, and his hat on his head. When he desires to move one of his limbs for rest, it requires the aid of both hands to do it. On his right a little writing desk is attached to his chair, and on this he holds his papers. He watches closely all of the proceedings of the House, and during the extra session is said to be nearly always present, which was not usually the case at former sessions. Recently Mr. Stevens reported a bill and made a short speech on the subject. His voice at first was feeble and somewhat grating, but as he warmed up it assumed its old clearness and penetrating quality, and could be distinctly heard all over the House. As Mr. Stevens spoke he wheeled his chair, first facing the speaker, and then toward the members by a slight effort of one of his hands, and with the other he made some attempt at gesticulation. He remained seated throughout his remarks. He removed his hat while speaking, and showed a good suit of hair, quite long and gray. His hands were gloved.
As a father was starting on horseback for a trip across the plain his boy sang out, 'Good-bye, papa; I love you thirty miles long.' When the little sister, not to be outdone in affection, called out, 'Good-bye, papa; you will never be able to ride to the end of my love.'

Confusion at the Breakfast Table.

Housewives in the far West don't know as much about the native majesty of the oyster as we do, and this ignorance gave rise to the following occurrence related by the Burlington *Hawk-eye* man:

It was rather late yesterday morning when Mr. Willaby got up, and he was vaguely conscious of a confused recollection of things, but he didn't say much and tried to appear as cheerful as he knew how. Presently breakfast was announced, and the family took their places at the table, but Mr. Willaby was amazed, as he sat staring at six little round wooden boxes of axle grease ranged solemnly in front of his plate.

'Where under the sun,' he said, 'with a puzzled intonation, 'what in the thunder—where did all this axle grease come from, and what is it for?'

'Oh, is it axle grease?' asked his wife, with charming simplicity and innocence, just a trifle overdone. 'You said last night when you brought these cans home that they were oysters and would be nice for breakfast. I thought that you had better eat them right away, as they didn't smell as though they would keep very much longer.'

And then Mrs. Willaby removed the cans, and her husband sat and looked at the teapot and thought so long that his coffee was cold as a rich relation when he thought to drink it.

A Singular Bird.

St. Nicholas tells the children of a strange bird which lives in China, called the fork-tailed parus, which is quite an acrobat. He is about as big as a robin, and he has a red beak, orange-colored throat, green back, yellow legs, black tail and red-and-yellow wings. Nearly all the colors are in his dress, you see, and he is a gay fellow. But this bird has a trick known by no other birds that ever I heard of. He turns somersaults! Not only does he do this in his free life on the trees, but also after he is caught and put into a cage. He just throws his head far back, and over he goes, touching the bars of the cage, and alighting upon his feet on the floor or on the perch. He will do it over and over a number of times without stopping, as though he thought it great fun. All his family have the same trick, and they are called tumblers. The people of China are fond of keeping them in cages and seeing them tumble. Travelers often have tried to bring them to our country, but a sea voyage is not good for them, and they are almost sure to die on the way.

John Knox's Daughter.

An English journal gives this anecdote about Mrs. Welsh, the daughter of John Knox, the great Scottish reformer: Elizabeth Knox married in 1594, John Welsh, a Presbyterian minister, who was exiled in 1606 for his opposition to episcopacy. Mrs. Welsh appears to have inherited much of her father's spirit. When her husband was in ill health and desired to return to Scotland, she sought an interview with King James, who asked her whose daughter she was. She replied, 'My father was John Knox.' 'Knox and Welsh,' said the king; 'the devil never made sic a match as that.' 'May be,' replied Mrs. Welsh; 'for we never speired his leave.' She then begged that her husband might be permitted to revisit Scotland, and the king said, 'He shall if he submit himself to the bishops; upon which Mrs. Welsh, holding out her aron, said, 'Sooner than he should do so I would keep his head there.'

A Suspicious Young Man.

A young man from the country went to have a tooth plugged. The dentist advised him to have the tooth out, and assured him that he would feel no pain if he inhaled laughing-gas. 'But what is the effect of the gas?' asked the youth. 'It simply makes you totally insensible,' answered the dentist; 'you don't know anything that takes place.' The rustic assented; but, just previous to the gas being administered he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out his money. 'Oh, don't trouble about that now,' said the dentist, thinking the man was going to be paid his fee. 'Not at all,' remarked the patient; 'I was simply going to see how much I had, before the gas took effect.'

Pure Milk.

In Havana the cows are driven from street to street, the tinkling of the bells around their necks announcing their coming. As they approach, the helps emerge from the various habitations armed with bowls and cans; the cow is then stopped, and the man, seating himself upon a four-legged wooden stool, which he carries underneath his arm, calmly proceeds to milk the animal in the presence of the buyer, while an interchange of 'moo, moo' and wretched smiles, takes place, followed by a gossip lasting during the operation of filling the vessel with the creamy liquid. Goats are also driven about in this way in Barcelona, Spain.

Phancy Phree.

'Phairrest Phlora,' wrote an amorous youth who was smitten with the phonetic craze. 'Phorever dismiss your phears and phly with one whose phervent phancy is phixed on you alone. Phairnds, phamily, phather—phorget them, and think only of the phelicity of the phuture! Phew phellows are so phastidious as your Pherdinand; so phleign not phonphness, if you phfeel it not. Phorego phrolic and answer phinally, Phlora,—"Oh! Pherdinand, you phool!" was phair Phlora's cart reply.

'There's no smoking allowed!'
The conductor exclaimed
To a man who had jumped on the car;
'I'm not smoking aloud,'
He gently explained,
'For I noiselessly puff my cigar.'

John Bright and Gambetta Contrasted.

An English correspondent of a New York paper, contrasting John Bright of the English parliament and M. Gambetta of the French national assembly, says: Mr. Bright's face and figure must be well known to many Americans, from photographs, of which several are excellent, and from such descriptions as many pens give. Gambetta is not unlike him in figure—the same ample shoulders and chest, the same robustness, nearly the same stature. But there the likeness ends. In manner they are wholly unlike, and each might stand for a type of his race. In many sessions of the French assembly, I never saw M. Gambetta still for two seconds together. His body is as restless as his brain; he is forever turning to this side and that, gesticulating, remonstrating, passing in a flash from persuasion to menace, now sitting, now standing on his feet, now cheering a friend, and next blazing out in wrath against a foe. Mr. Bright is a member of the Society of Friends, and his tranquil demeanor seems the natural expression of his religious faith. He has a marked sweetness of manner; a composure beneath which a strong and passionate nature makes itself felt without violence and without much demonstrativeness. He says the most terrible things in the most placid tone; standing the while like Tennyson's tower of strength, four-square to all the winds that blow. The fire glows in him with the fierce still heat of metal in the furnace. In Gambetta it blazes out like a prairie in flames. The English tribune is almost twice the age of the French dictator, but I doubt whether age has much to do with the contrast between them. Mr. Bright can never have been anything but self-possessed, nor will another thirty summers bring much repose to M. Gambetta. The latter has been called before now the Mirabeau of the nineteenth century, but Mr. Bright is a unique figure in English history. He had no predecessor, and long may it be before we have to think who shall replace him. He is sixty-eight, but there is no sign of decay in his wonderful voice. The muscles of the face are firm, the uplifted finger is steady, the gesture still energetic and commanding, and the dark eyes, which are almost too beautiful for a man, are as profound and softly full and luminous as ever. The white hair is no whiter than it was.

Georgia's Wonder.

There is a wonderful freak of nature about six miles northwest of Gainesville, Georgia, which is commonly known as the Devil's Mill Hopper. This curiosity is a large sink in the earth, covering an area of perhaps four acres around the top, which gradually becomes smaller in circumference as you descend—being one hundred and fifty feet below the earth's surface. Having effected the descent of the steep walls of rock, a body of water is approached which is perhaps five hundred feet in circumference, probably less in dry weather. In this sheet of water is a continual flow of ten to twelve good-sized streams, from the crevices of the rock well surrounding. Around this wall is a large growth of the various kinds of trees grown in Florida—oak, ash, hickory, bay, and also a thick undergrowth of ferns and mosses.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

The idea expressed in this heading, though it is commonly held to be of sacred origin, or as merely a poetical manner of expressing a common-place occurrence, may, nevertheless, be taken literally as well as figuratively, it being, as a matter of fact, a saying which has satisfactory ground-work in natural facts. It was recently stated in evidence before the commissioners appointed to inquire into the herring fisheries of Scotland, that the practice of pouring a quantity of oil from a boat on the surface of the sea, during the heavy weather, had the immediate effect of calming the waters and relieving the boat from the danger of heavy, broken water.

Facts About London.

London is spread over about 7,000 square miles. There is one death there every six minutes, and one birth every four. The growth of the population is at the rate of 75,000 a year, or 205 each day. The total length of streets in London is about 7,000 miles; there are built every year about 9,000 new houses, by which the length of the streets is increased by twenty-eight miles. In the jails there is an average of 75,000 prisoners. The foreign-born residents of London number about 100,000; but thirty-seven per cent. of the whole population were born out of the city.

Unheeded Advice.

While a man was dashing with all his might and main down the street to catch a train one day last week, a gamin rushed after him and shouted: 'Hey, mister, have you got a pin?' 'I have,' responded the man, coming to a sudden halt and feeling under the lapel of his vest. 'Well, then,' yelled the boy, as he jumped out of the way, 'you had better fasten your ears together behind your head so you won't smash any swingin' signs with 'em.' The pedestrian passed on unheeded of the advice given him.

Making waistcoats at fourteen cents each, chevrot shirts at four cents apiece, heavy overalls at fifty cents per dozen, and woolen trousers at ten cents a pair are some facts gleaned by a society of ladies who are investigating the condition of sewing women of Cleveland, Ohio.

Four young ladies of the name of McEachern have fallen heiresses to £2,000 in Scotland. This news them feel awfully good.—*Com. Adv.* Why didn't you make a complete pun while you were about it, and say, 'This will McEachern feel awful good?'

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Is a girl who puts on airs a windlass?

To preserve sight do not strain the eyes, but rest them occasionally.

Several thicknesses of newspaper under a carpet helps to preserve it.

As a rule, plants with white blossoms have the most odoriferous species.

When does a man smoke a cigar too long? When he smokes it too short.

Never judge hastily. A cucumber isn't often as green as the man who consumes it.

'What are our boys good for?' We can reply, that there are times when they are good for 'nutting.'

Dust allowed to accumulate on a dress cuts the material in every crease into which it works its way.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

The only thing which men are universally willing to lay up for a rainy day is other people's umbrellas.

If the best employment of a woman is to make home happy, the best work of a man is to make her happy.

John Bright once spoke of the English army and navy as a gigantic system of outdoor relief for the aristocracy.

Time may be money, but we don't think there is half as much fun in spending time as there is in spending money.

The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there we cannot be happy elsewhere.

In some of the English publications the jokes are so dry that they wither the leaves in the book in which they are printed.

If a spring chicken wasn't pretty tough, it couldn't survive all the newspaper vitiations perpetrated at its expense, you know.

We have met many people who never knew enough to attend to their own business, but they always knew how to run a newspaper.

The kindness of Heaven is nowhere more apparent than in the fact that the women it puts on earth are, as a rule, so much too good for the men.

An editor has one advantage over a king. When the editor goes out riding in his open barouche drawn by four milk-white steeds he is never shot at by a socialist. You have probably remarked this yourself.

'I don't think much of newspaper men, and I never take any stock in what the papers say,' he said. And then everybody knew that he had done something that he was ashamed of, and the papers had published an account of it.

If life has been spared him little Charlie Ross reached the ninth anniversary of his birth on May 5th. It will be five years on the first day of July next since he was carried away from his home.

How doth the little housewife now improve each shining hour? She trots around with broom and mop and mind intent to scour. Oh, mortal man—unhappy soul, so hopelessly demeaned! Oh, happy man, if man there be, whose house need not be cleaned.

While a little boy in Roxbury, Mass., lay deathly ill of diphtheria, a pet dog sprang upon the bed and affectionately licked the boy's lips. The child began to recover from that time, and was shortly convalescent, but the dog sickened and died with all the symptoms of the disease.

A paragrapher pokes fun at the diminutiveness of one of the contestants in the South American war now in progress, by saying that the Bolivian army has been much embarrassed by the detention of its baggage train, but they've got a fire going under the mule now, and it is thought he will start.

A German inventor mixes with a waterproof glue a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand, which is spread on the thin leather sole employed as a foundation as soles for shoes. These quartz soles are said to be flexible and almost indestructible, while they enable the wearer to walk safely over slippery roads.

True wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine,
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius, like this, if polished right
With the same gift abounds:
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

It is a popular notion that fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon and lead at night. Like many other popular notions it had its origin in a historic fact, if not a historic disaster. If Adam had eaten his apple in the morning the whole destiny of the world might have been changed; but, poor ignorant man, he ate it just after Eve, and we have all inherited the internal commotion.

A young lady of Des Moines, Iowa, who was receiving attention from two young men, recently married the one she preferred, but in so quiet a style that it was not generally known. The evening after the wedding the other swain came on a visit, and seeing his rival there, seemed determined to stay him out. It was nearly midnight, when a remark was made that disclosed the changed relations.

Some ingenious scoundrel in San Francisco is endeavoring to swindle people on the Atlantic coast by writing letters stating that a man has just died under his care, among whose papers the only address given is that of the party written to. The author states that the deceased left a valuable gold watch and chain besides diamond studs and \$50 in money, which last was used to bury him. If the party will forward \$30 to pay the expenses incurred during the sickness of the dead man, the writer will forward the jewelry and mementoes.